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And while joyously chorusing *ré-mi-fa-dô*,  
Do all sorts of things to be first in the  
race;  
Thus: HEADWAY and CHEEK on the great  
Paris Course,  
Each their Pegasus spurred with a rowel  
of gold,  
And ruthlessly "jockied" STICK out of his  
place—  
His young nag was "doctored," and  
otherwise "sold."  
Well: HEAD got a Medal, CHEEK *ditto* and  
Cross;  
Each belittles his rival, as all of you've  
read;  
Newspaper folks gain—others don't care a  
toss  
Whether HEAD has got CHEEK, or CHEEK's  
got a-head.  
But, to keep up the metaphor-Turfite re-  
frain,  
Connected with Agraffes and Pedals and  
Shakes,  
Though CHEEKY and HEADWAY the "Derby"  
did gain,  
Sharp STICK will carry the "POPULAR  
STAKES."

## EDITORIAL ITEMS.

The Harlem Musical Association gave its  
monthly Dress Rehearsal on Monday evening  
last. The performance of the Choral selec-  
tions evidenced a marked improvement, and  
would bear comparison with more pretentious  
societies. The Association is composed of  
the elite of Harlem society; the singers dis-  
play intelligence, and their voices are fresh  
and excellent, counting among them some  
good solo voices. The organization is based  
purely upon a love of music *per se*, with no  
ambitious aim for public honors, and its  
example cannot fail to benefit the cause of  
Music in that far uptown locality, Harlem.  
The Conductor, Mr. James E. Perring, is  
able and efficient in his department.

The New York Philharmonic Society will  
give its Fourth Concert on Saturday eve-  
ning next, March 7th, at the Academy of  
Music, when the glorious works of Mozart  
and Mendelssohn will be interpreted by one  
of the grandest orchestras in the world,  
under the direction of Mr. Carl Bergmann.  
We hope to see as crowded and overflowing  
an audience as was present at the last per-  
formance, and we may expect it, as the pro-  
gramme is fully as attractive as the one on  
that occasion.

The last Rehearsal previous to the Con-  
cert will take place at the Academy of  
Music on Friday, March 6th, at half-past  
two o'clock in the afternoon.

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

Rossini's "Guillaume Tell" is announced  
at the Grand Opera, Paris, for the five hun-  
dredth performance.

Gounod, who travelled to Vienna pur-  
posely to produce his *Faust*, will, it is feared,  
have to return without accomplishing his  
project; "Ilma de Murska," the *Protagonista*,  
being so seriously ill as to preclude all idea  
of her playing at present. The Direction  
Orchestra and Chorus of the Viennese opera  
had prepared a magnificent first night recep-  
tion for Gounod, and we trust, for the honor  
of Art, that the fair "Ilma" will recover  
her health in time to prevent the general dis-  
appointment.

The famous Stockhausen is singing with  
immense effect at the *Gewandhaus* Concerts,  
at Leipsic.

At a concert recently given at the Carignan  
Theatre, Turin, the overture to *Guillaume  
Tell* was gorgeously and bewilderingly beaten  
out of ten pianos and four harmoniums—  
followed up by a forty-handed piano selection  
from *Joan of Arc*! A glass of iced water, if  
you please!

The musical journal of Milan, "*Il Trova-  
tore*," offers a reward to whomsoever can  
discover the reason why the censorship of  
Rome changed the title of the ballet "*Devà-  
dacy*, to that of *Sita*. Will any of our readers  
compete?

We hear from Genoa that the first repre-  
sentation of "*Mignon*" was most successful.

## MUSIC OF NATURE.

## IRISH MINSTRELSY.

Among the ancient Irish Minstrelsy are  
scattered some sweet poetic fragments, many  
of which are untranslated. I am sure the  
following versions of one of these little songs  
(claiming fidelity as their only merit) will not  
be unacceptable to your readers.

On a bright summer's morn, by the side of  
the King's river, I beheld a stately brown-  
haired maid; sweeter was her voice than the  
music of the fairy host; fairer was her cheek  
than the foam of waves. Her slender waist  
like the chalky cliff; her small, light, active  
foot gliding with joy over the grassy meads  
of the desert. I said to her mildly—

"Oh, fair one of the valley! unless you come with me  
my health will depart."

At the birth of this lovely maid, there came  
a harmonious bee with a shower of sweet  
honey on her berry lips. I kissed the fra-  
grant, fair, loving maid; it was pleasant I  
vow—but listen to my tale. A sting went  
from her burning lips like a dart through  
my heart, which left me without power  
(mournful to relate!) Is it not wonderful  
that I live with an arrow through my heart,  
and hundreds before me killed by her love?

## HEART-BEATINGS.

BY JOHN T. DOYLE.

How strange it is to listen  
To the beatings of the heart!

As it sounds,  
How its bounds  
Make the distant pulses start!  
How its ruddy currents whistle  
Through the vessels as they flow,  
And each thud  
Forces blood

Through the body to and fro!  
And then mark how well its rhythm  
Gives an answer to each thought,  
As if soul

Had control,  
And gave back the news we sought.  
Fancies rise, and rising with them  
Comes each trial and result,

Both in one,  
Bubbling on,  
Driven by life's catapult.  
I am thinking of the world,  
And each blood-jet seems to say,  
"Selfish man,  
If you can,  
Drive such mundane thoughts away!"

Upwards now my mind is hurl'd  
Through the ether of the sky,

But each vein  
Cries again,  
"Whither, bold man, would you fly?  
Is there no place on this earth here  
Thou couldst make a paradise?"

Or wouldst best  
Like to rest  
In that land beyond the skies?  
Are there no joys that have birth here  
Worth ambition's boldest flight;

Canst not get  
Some red jet  
With thy life's stream to unite?  
Can you find no genial bosom  
Where a heart like thine there be,

Which pressed home  
To thine own  
Would beat loud in sympathy?  
Choose them now, or else refuse them;  
Cull and pick them while you may!

Come, be quick,  
Haste and pick,

Life at best is but a day!"

Thus it goes for ever babbling  
Like some ceaseless gushing brook,  
Changing hues,  
As it goes

Eddying through each wondrous nook.  
Thus it goes for ever dabbling  
Every particle with blood,

While its tide  
Runs in pride,  
A vast life-imparting flood.

## MORITZ HAUPTMANN.

The world of music has just suffered a  
great, nay, in some respects, an irreparable  
loss. Moritz Hauptmann, Cantor at the  
Thomasschule, Leipsic, died on the 4th of  
January. His father, chief Government  
Architect, wished at first to bring the boy  
up to his own profession, and caused him to  
study architecture and mathematics con-  
jointly with the usual subjects of a liberal  
education. He encouraged, however, the  
boy's musical talent so far as to have him  
taught something of the violin and thorough-  
bass. Until the age of eighteen, Moritz  
Hauptmann was, therefore, intended for an  
architect, but, moved by his invincible love  
for music, the father then allowed him to  
follow his own bent, and sent him to Spohr,  
then *Concertmeister* at Gotha. Moritz re-  
sided there a year, during which the mutual  
relation of master and pupil grew into a life-  
long friendship. In 1813, Hauptmann was  
engaged as violinist in the Royal Chapel,  
Dresden, but only ten months subsequently  
he proceeded to Vienna, where Spohr was  
acting as *Capellmeister*, and remained there  
nearly six months. In 1815, he accepted a  
situation in the family of Prince Repnin,  
hoping that he should accompany the latter  
to Italy; but Fate ruled otherwise. The  
Prince, having been appointed to some high  
post, remained in Russia, and to this fact the  
world is indebted for one of the most im-  
portant scientific works ever written. In  
Southern Russia, at that period (1815—20),  
far removed from artistic life, reminiscences  
of his scientific studies were awakened in  
the mind of the young music-master; he  
plunged, so to speak, into mathematical in-  
vestigations, and there can be no doubt that  
many sketches, which were afterwards turned  
to account and included in *Harmonik und  
Metrik*, date from this time. The same is  
true of many of his compositions, though not